

WISHING ALL OUR FRIENDS



We will try to serve you well during 1929,
as in the past

Paul Foss

Plumbing and Heating

Phone 148—Farmington

Feather Party

at the
TRI-COMMUNITY HALL
8-Mile near Grand River

Friday, December, 21, 1928

Benefit Northwestern A. C.

Formerly Southfield Community Assn. A. C.

Everyone Invited

Free Dancing

Season's Greetings

To the women of Farmington

We deeply appreciate the enthusiastic reception accorded our new, complete beauty service. It is a pleasure to serve you.

Elsie Young Beauty Parlor

Next To Buick Sales

Phone 371

236 Grand River Ave.

Merry Christmas

TO YOU

and for a

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Insure and Keep Insured

SCHULTE and KARLE

John J. Schulte

Joseph A. Karle

Peoples State Bank Building

Merry Christmas

and

Happy New Year
to All!

Ours is a comparatively new business—but
we've already many old friends

Lapham Oil Co.

Grand River at Power

INDIAN GAS AND OILS

A SPRIG OF HOLLY

By BLANCHE TANNER DILLON

HOLLY and pine wreaths in the windows Christmas greens and tinsel festoons in the chime—streams of shoppers with smiling faces and arms laden with zesty-wrapped parcels—all expressed the happy Christmas spirit.

A mother with a holly wreath in one hand and clasping the hand of a child with the other stopped at the child cried, "Mother, you dropped a piece of holly."

"Never mind, my dear, we have plenty more," the mother replied as she hurried the child on. And the holly was crushed by the next one.

Nearly a man whose clothes bespoke luxury and ease picked up the little crushed thing and tried tenderly but in vain to smooth out the crumpled leaves. The childhood home of Carter Smith, now wealthy New York broker, had been surrounded by holly trees, with their waxy green leaves and bright red berries, like so many tiny Christmas lights, as he had liked to call them.

There were always garlands of ground pine through the spacious rooms of the old Southern home and holly wreaths in every window. Great fires of fragrant pine roared in the huge fireplaces, filling the rooms with dancing shimmers and flickering lights. Each Christmas morn one was awakened by a black head thrust into the room with the greeting "Christmas gift, Marge Carter," or who ever night he occupied that room. Then the kinkles arriving all Christmas day with gifts. Then, too, the dances and parties all week until New Year's, were wonderful. That had been years ago, and the intervening years had been too full of other things to even think of those times. It was with shame that he remembered months had elapsed since he had written his mother, who still lived in the old home. He must go back there some day—then the thought came, "why not go now?"

He thrust the holly into his pocket, pulled a taxi and sped to his hotel, ordered his servant to pack at once—secured train reservation—canceled a house party engagement and was on the midnight train speeding South. In his heart was a song and tucked safely away in his suitcase was the sprig of holly.

(12, 1928, Western Newspaper Union)



CHRISTMAS CEMENT

By ANNA L. NEWSON

MOLLIE watched the dryden carrying out the massive furniture and draperies from the apartment below her own.

"How can Alphi Cox have such expensive things—working in the same office with Bill—and us?"

"The postman handed Mollie a letter."

"A check from mother for \$25. Now I will have that French doll for Betty and the \$7.00 train for Harry. Sometimes Bill is downright stingy—and it's Christmas time," said Mollie hurrying to take one more peep at her plum pudding before going to town.

The telephone rang and Mollie heard:

"Oh, didn't you know? He had to leave—spending the firm's money. To Canada, probably—said poor Mrs. Cox. Yes, she says it's all her fault. Oh, running him in debt—and she'd planned such an elaborate Christmas, too."

"Here Christmas," asked Bill when Mollie showed him the check?

"No, this goes into the savings. Today I've seen Christmas and other extravagance act as a wedge when it should be a strong cement—binding families together."

"Cox! Yes, too bad."

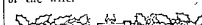
And when Bill returned from the store that night he mumbled and puffed toys while Mollie dressed dolls. Their Christmas was merry—and it was a cement binding them closer together.

(12, 1928, Western Newspaper Union)



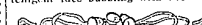
The Wreath of Holly

The wreath of holly combines both pagan and Christian significance. It is closely allied with the crown of thorns, the red berries probably representing the drops of blood. Less somberly, holly was said to be fatal to witches and was therefore placed on doors and windows to keep them out. In England the holly first brought into the house was said to be a sign of who would rule the house for the ensuing year, the husband or the wife.



Doll Faces Have Changed

Christmas dolls have grown more intelligent. This has been accomplished by the employment of skilled sculptors to put the spark of life into doll faces. During the past decade the expression on American dolls has changed from a stupid stare to an intelligent face bubbling with life.



Christmas Means Hope

Christmas means hope, amid the dull pessimism of a practical and scientific world. It means that when in the wailing darkness, man's step is uncertain and his heart fails, the hand of the Almighty intervenes and the ancient promise is fulfilled.—Detroit Free Press.

Pass-It-On Presents

By L. B. LYONS

THE widow Halderman and her daughter had not a penny to spend on Christmas shopping but there was one, little Jane McMurray, a cripple to whom they would like to have given the best that money could buy.

"Well, if we can't buy something for Jane, haven't we something about the house that we could give her?" pined Sheila Halderman of her mother?

"I can't see one thing about the house that she needs worse than we do!" the mother sadly informed her daughter after she made a trip about the tiny house.

Just then, little Sheila spied something. "Clapping her hands, she ran to the window sill and grasped a huge geranium, which she herself had grown from a seed which had been sent gratis to her with a flower catalog. The plant bore four bright red blossoms and many buds. "Mother, little Jane needs that worse than we do," she exclaimed.

So it was, that eve, Sheila and her mother took the tiny flower to Jane as a Christmas gift. They had spent many minutes over the wrapping and tagging of the little parcel. Some one had sent them a plate of cookies once upon a time, under which they had found a beautiful paper lace doll. This very doll they had used to wrap the unsightly flower pot.

From a last year's calendar, the Haldermans had clipped a large holly wreath which they had pasted upon cardboard. Then had come the wording. They had finally decided upon: "For some one who needs this worse than I do."

Little Jane was delighted and hugged the beautiful plant almost to the point of crushing it. She thanked them again and again and they noted tears of joy stream down her cheeks. A few days later, Sheila went down to see Jane again and the first thing she noticed was the absence of the geranium. "Did the flower die, Jane?" she asked, half afraid something had happened to it?

"No dear," Jane answered, "but I read the tag that was on it and I got to thinking there was poor Jimmy Miner up there in Mercy hospital with nothing but that white painted ceiling to look at, so I decided he needed that flower more than I did. I knew you wouldn't care!" And so the Christmas gift from the Haldermans passed from one to another until it had found its bloom.

"To think, mother, we could never have bought gifts for all those people, could we? I am going to plant a lot of flower seeds right away, and get ready for next year's 'pass-it-on' Christmas presents."

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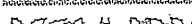
SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

WHEN biting north winds sweep across crusted snow and icicles hang from every projecting eave; when hearth fires blaze cheerily and the odor of pine, and holly, and laurel is everywhere; when the air is full of good things and the heart is full of cheer—then it is Christmas.

The Spirit of Christmas has never been caught or imprisoned; artists are at a loss whether to portray the cheery elf as a passenger on Santa's sleigh, a friend of his reindeer, or in a glory and radiance that is an elude—they cannot portray it. Christmas is more than December 25. The turning of a calendar leaf cannot bring Christmas. It is not dependent solely upon profusion of good things—it is not contingent upon playtime or music or merriment. Christmas is more than all of these. It is a spirit of good will and friendship. When it breezes to upon us on Christmas eve, we feel its inspiration and joy, and when it passes early in the new year, we regret that it could not remain with us always.

Let us carry a bit of the Christmas spirit with us through out the year. —W. D. Peep oyster.

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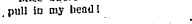


Easy



Miss May Turtle—Suppose some fellow you don't like, tries to kiss you when you're under the mistletoe, what will you do?

Miss Sadie Turtle—That's easy I'll pull in my head!



Millions of Christmas Trees

It is estimated that 5,000,000 Christmas trees are used in celebrating the holiday season in the United States.

MAY YOURS BE A

Merry Christmas

Filled with all the gladness of

this Festive Season

and may 1929 be your most prosperous and

Happy New Year

Lake Drive Garage

HUDSON and ESSEX MOTOR CARS

W. F. GOERS, Prop.

Farmington Junction

A Merry Christmas

TO EVERYONE

For continuing happiness, insure your car
and yourself with

Lawrence R. Taylor

Representing

Michigan Mutual
Liability Co.

Phone 144—Peoples State Bank Bldg.



SEASON'S GREETINGS
to all

N. J. Eisenlord & Son

Electrical Service

Farmington



We value most highly the good will of our customers and friends. The holiday season brings us renewed appreciation of the value of both the old and the new friends.

May yours be a very Merry Christmas and happy and prosperous New Year is the sincere wish of

Schroeder and Hamlin

MEAT MARKET

Phone 5

Farmington